



VOL III, NO. 60.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA., SUNDAY, MARCH 13, 1898.

PRICE SINGLE COPY, TWO CENTS
ONE WEEK, TEN CENTS.

CANDY
CATHARTIC
Cascarets
CURE CONSTIPATION
REGULATES THE BOWEL
ALL DRUGGISTS

If you want a building lot
Buy it of the
Old Dominion Land Company
Lots for sale on easy terms in all sections of the city.
Finely located business lots on Washington ave.
Farms for sale or rent in Elizabeth City, Warwick and York Counties.
Old Dominion Land Company.
ROOM NO. 11.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.
OFFICE OPEN UNTIL 8 P. M.

ASK FOR
TRADING STAMPS.
NOTICE TO TRADING STAMP COLLECTORS:
Also to those who have not been collecting them: We are going to remain here and give every family the opportunity of getting a handsome present absolutely free of cost. Do not give, sell or lend your stamps for you will have ample time to fill your partially empty book and another one too. We will have on hand a handsome lot of new premiums just as soon as the factories can supply us with them.
TRADING STAMP CO.,
218 Twenty-eighth st., Newport News.

Remember
They Cost You Nothing.

I Eat At
MACKEY'S
RESTAURANT.
I DON'T!
Meals at all hours. First-class dinner, 25c. From 12 to 2 P. M. The best that the market affords in every respect. Game in season. Suppers furnished to parties on short notice.
Cor. Washington Avenue and 24th St.
UP-STAIRS.
GEORGE LOISE, MGR.
TRY
Todd's
Eye Opener
AT THE
Bear Paw Buffet,
448 TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET,
G. W. Todd, Proprietor.
A Gentleman's Place.
Here are a few of my specialties:
Old Virginia Mountain Brands,
Old Glenner Honey Blossom,
Braddock's Maryland Rye,
Sherwood Monticello,
Hopewell Sour Mash,
Richmond Club,
Old Crow,
Taylor's Hand-made Sour Mash,
Oscar Pepper,
Jefferson Club,
Murry Hill Club,
Our Pet Eastern Rye,
Shenandoah and North Carolina Apple Pie Brandy, The most approved brands of rum, gin, cordials, etc., blackberry, Sherry, Wild Cherry, Wine and Port Wines. The finest brands of union made cigars. Everything first-class.
Go to the Bear Paw Buffet for one of **Todd's Nightcaps.**
MILK from healthy cows—stable as clean as a house and all—quart or 3 cents a pint. Milk from Jersey cows 8 cents a quart or 4 cents a pint in glass bottles. Delivered anywhere in the city.
J. E. Langslow.
208 24-st.

HIS ENEMY.

"Oh, do tell us about it!" cried several ladies with one voice.
M. Bernum smiled gravely, as became a judge, and began:
I was preliminary judge at Ajaico, and my chief duties were, of course, in connection with affairs of vendetta.
One day I learned that a little villa at the end of the gulf had been taken by an Englishman for several years. Every one was soon speculating about this singular person who staid with a single manservant, never leaving the house except to hunt or fish. He never spoke to any one, and every morning he used to practice pistol shooting.
Rumor said he was some great personage who had left his country for political reasons. Then he was reported to be hiding, after having committed some terrible crime. I could learn nothing about him except that his name was Sir John Rowell. I had him closely watched, but nothing suspicious was ever reported to me. One evening, in passing, I observed him smoking in his garden and saluted him. He invited me to take a glass of beer. I not only accepted, but we chatted pleasantly on many subjects. In reply to my questions on his mode of life, he told me that he had been a great traveler in Africa, the Indies and America. I again spoke of hunting, and he related some of his exploits in his pursuit of the hippopotamus, the tiger, the elephant and even the gorilla.
"These are all most dangerous brutes, are they not?" said I.
"By no means," he replied. "The worst of all is man. And he laughed a good humored English laugh.
"I have hunted man, too, a great deal," he added. He then invited me to see his collection of firearms. The saloon was hung with black silk, embroidered with gold. "It is Japanese cloth," he said.
But a strange object in the corner of a large panel caught my eye. It was black and stood out clearly on a square of red velvet. I approached. It was a hand—a man's hand; not a skeleton hand, white and clean, but a black shriveled hand, with yellow nails and muscles laid bare. The bones, which had been cut clean to the middle of the forearm as if by a hatchet, showed dark stains as if of old blood. An enormous iron chain was welded round the wrist of this horrible member, fastening it to the wall by a ring strong enough to hold an elephant.
"Why, I exclaimed, 'what is that?'"
"It is my greatest enemy," the Englishman answered quietly. "I came from America. It was severed by a sabre, skinned with a sharp flint and dried in the sun for eight days."
I touched the human relic. It must have belonged to some giant. The fingers were excessively long and were held by enormous tendons, to which pieces of skin still adhered in some places. Skinned thus, the thing was frightful to see.
"This man must have been very strong," I said.
"Oh, yes," he replied, "but I was stronger. I have had this chain made to hold it."
"This chain is useless now," I said, thinking he was joking; "the hand can't run away."
"It always wants to get away, though," Sir John Rowell answered gravely. "The chain is necessary."
I thought he must be either a madman or a humbug, but his face remained as placid and impenetrable as ever before my searching look. I changed the subject and began to admire his weapons. I observed three loaded revolvers lying on the table of the room as if the man lived in constant fear of an attack. I returned to see him several times, and then my visits ceased. All had now become accustomed to his presence.
A year passed. One morning my servant awakened me and announced that Sir John Rowell had been assassinated during the night. Half an hour later I was in the Englishman's house along with the chief police authorities. The valet was standing distractedly before the door. At first I suspected this man, but he was entirely innocent. The body of Sir John was lying on the table in the middle of the saloon. Everything showed that a terrible struggle had taken place. The victim had been strangled. His face was swollen and discolored and bore a look of deadly fear. He held something between his clenched teeth, and the neck, covered with blood, was pierced by five blades, which seemed to have been made with some sharp points. A doctor arrived. After carefully examining the five strange impressions in the flesh he said:
"Why, it looks as if the man had been strangled by a skeleton."
I looked and glanced at the spot where I had formerly seen the horrible dried hand. It was no longer there. The chain was hanging in its place, broken.
I knelt over the body and found between the clenched teeth a finger of the missing hand, cut, or rather gnawed, off at the second phalanx by the victim's teeth. We then made an investigation, but nothing was discovered. Neither doors nor windows nor furniture had been tampered with. The two watchdogs had not even been aroused. The servant said that for a month past his master had appeared depressed. He had received many letters, which he had, on several occasions, thrown into the fire. He had been very angry, and he took a riding whip and furiously lashed the hand clinging to the wall. He always had arms in his locked room, and during the night he used to speak loudly, as if quarreling with some one. That night, however, he made no sound. It was only on coming to open the windows that he found his master dead. He suspected no one. Although a minute search was instituted throughout the whole island, nothing was ever discovered.
Well, one night, three months after the crime, I had a frightful nightmare. I saw that I had been bitten by a scorpion or a spider up and down my curtains and walls. The hideous member galloped round my room, using its fingers like claws. Next day the vile thing was actually brought to me. It had been found in the cemetery at Sir John Rowell's grave. The forefinger was missing.
"This, ladies," said the judge, as he concluded, "is my story. I know nothing more."
"But that is neither denunciation nor explanation," cried one of the terror-stricken ladies. "We shall not sleep tonight unless you tell us at least how you think it occurred."
"Oh, I think," said he, with a judicial smile, "simply that the legitimate owner of the hand was not dead, but that he came to fetch it with his remaining one. I never could tell, though, how he did it."
"No, no," murmured one of the ladies. "It could not have been that!"
"Ah!" said the judge smilingly. "I thought my theory would not satisfy you."
—Guy de Maupassant.

THE ORIGINAL HANDY MAN.

Willing to Do Anything from Nursing a Sick Person to Building a Church.
In one of Frank R. Stockton's amusing stories there is a character of a jack-of-all-trades and general utility man, who is good at everything. He can do anything, from building a house to a hencoop, and is just as handy in most other lines as in that of carpenter.
Mr. Stockton might have got the material for this character from a man who lives in National City, Cal. He is willing to do anything from nursing a sick person to building a church. There is no sort of work in which he will not engage if paid for it, and he is versatile enough to make himself useful in pretty nearly anything he undertakes.
That he is clever, not only with his hands, but with his pen, is proved by the following advertisement, which he inserted in a newspaper in his town:
THE ORIGINAL HANDY MAN!
Still lives and loves to labor. Makes Door and Window Screens, Files Saws, Sharpens Cutlery and Files Keys. Repairs and Polishes Furniture, Makes Store Fixtures and Does General Jobbing.
He is at home in the sick room to offer consolation to those who mourn, and patiently nurses by day or night the sick in body. God bless the Handy man and keep him safe.
He may be found at his old knoll on Street 8, near Avenue 2.
N. B.—Makes a specialty of Church and Schoolhouse work.

Bearded Ladies in Private Life.

Miss Annie Jones, the bearded lady at Barnum & Bailey's, only enjoys her monopoly of that department of the freak business by the courtesy of many ladies who could offer some sort of rivalry to her, although perhaps not to the same degree.
For the cases of superfluous hair in the weaker sex run into many thousands. From Mrs. Ballin, who relieves the distress of the ladies so embarrassed, a London reporter obtained some startling statistics.
"In the course of my experience, stretching over the last seven years," said Mrs. Ballin, "I have met with some 10,000 cases. During the past year I gave no fewer than 2,300 sittings for electrolysis, removing at each sitting from forty to fifty hairs; and during the year 1896, 1,800 sittings; so I am convinced the trouble is distinctly increasing."
"I have had cases in which I removed as many as 15,000 hairs from one lady's face. One lady I have cured, and who has now gone abroad to enjoy herself, had not for five years previously seen even any member of her own family, and she could never go into the street without being jeered at. Another lady, in the highest society in London, had to take two hours in the morning to pluck out the hairs with a pair of tweezers, and they grew so quickly that if she were going out in the evening she had to withdraw others."
Calking the Hatches.
When the loading of a ship has been completed and the hatches have been put on, every precaution is taken to make them tight, so as to keep the cargo dry during the voyage. The hatches are in sections which rest on frames laid across the hatchway. All the seams around the coamings of the hatchway and between the sections of the hatch are calked and then pitched or painted, and the entire hatch is then covered with tarpaulins, which are battened down at the sides. The ship may be months at sea. She may have over her bows solid water that like a river, and she is likely to have more or less water on deck at any time. But none of it gets below. The ship's hatches are as impervious to water as her sides.
On steamers when the hatches are put on they rest upon strips of rubber, and they are secured by means of set screws, making the hatch tight in substantially the same manner that a fruit jar is sealed.


The Old Circus Man.

"If I were going to give a word of advice to a young man just embarking in the show business," said the old circus man, "I should say never let a giraffe drink out of a pond or stream, because he's almost certain to drink too much. You see the giraffe doesn't really realize that he's drinking until he begins to take the water into his stomach, and he doesn't stop drinking until he's got enough there. The result of this is that his neck is still full, and a long column of water that he doesn't need, but that he takes in just the same, and often with disastrous results. I have known many a giraffe to feel himself by drinking too much, and I feel that I cannot do my young and ambitious friend a greater service than by warning him of this characteristic. The giraffe should be watered invariably from a bucket."
"This is absurd," said the young man, "as giraffes are not known to drink from buckets."
"That is true," replied the old circus man, "but I have known many a giraffe to feel himself by drinking too much, and I feel that I cannot do my young and ambitious friend a greater service than by warning him of this characteristic. The giraffe should be watered invariably from a bucket."
The Opportune Moment.
A certain deacon that I know considers rigid discipline essential to the well being of his family, says a writer in Belfast (McC.) Cream. He has a little boy named Johnny, who is the personification of mischief. Having got into an exceptionally bad scrape his father informed him that he should whip him, and as he prepared to commence operations Johnny said, "Papa, mayn't I go into the bedroom a minute?" His father told him he could, then tipped him to the door, the deacon saw the little fellow kneel and begin to pray.
"Oh, God, papa says that you say, 'Call on me in the time of trouble.' I am in an awful scrape, Mr. God. I am having lots of trouble. If you ever did want to help a little boy, now is your time. Amen."
That appeal was sufficient. The prayer was answered, and the whipping did not come off.

A QUEER WOOLING.

Tom Walton was very much surprised at finding himself deeply in love with a girl whose name he did not even know. It happened in the way: Tom was a telegraph operator in the city, but lived in a small suburban town. As he sat in the train one morning on his way to work he noticed among the passengers who boarded the train at one of the stations a beautiful girl who entered his car and took the seat directly in front of him. The morning paper had no further interest for Tom that day. All the way in to town he sat watching the girl in front of him.
Week after week went on, and each day found poor Tom more and more deeply in love. The unconscious object of his adoration traveled on the same train every day. Sometimes she sat near him, and his eyes fairly devoured her wonderful beauty. At other times she sat at the other end of the car, where he could only catch occasional glimpses of her past the heads of his fellow passengers. Her name was Helen. He had heard a girl friend call her so. That night Tom sat up until 3 o'clock writing love letters to Helen and tearing them up as fast as he could throw them away.
The next morning Helen again occupied the seat just in front of Tom. He sat gazing at her and building castles in the air. Presently his mind turned to the love letters he had been writing, and he began to frame a new one. As he mused he idly fingered a small watch chain, which made a clicking sound similar to that of a telegraph instrument. Unconsciously he spelled out the words of the letter.
"Dearest Helen," ran the message, "I love you dearly. Say you will be mine and—"
But he got no further, for suddenly the girl turned in her seat and looked him full in the face, her eyes blazing with indignation. Then she turned back and, seizing the catch on her watch chain, clicked out the reply:
"How dare you?"
Tom was completely dumfounded. He felt like jumping out of the window and ending his miserable existence. He collected, however, that such a rash proceeding would do him no good, and might possibly wound the feelings of the young lady. Moreover, his first duty was to apologize. Of course, it would not do any good. She would never have anything to do with such an idiot as he, and he was sure to be still, he could not well have matters as they were, so he again reached for the watch chain.
"I beg your pardon," clicked the improvised key.
"Your insolence is unpardonable," was the reply.
"But let me explain. I did not know—"
"I don't care to hear your explanation." Just then the train pulled into the station and the offending girl left the car without so much as looking back.
Tom went to his work with a heavy heart, but he did not think of anything else all day but the stupid blunder which had destroyed all possibility of his ever winning the heart of the fair telegraph operator.
On the following morning he took an earlier train than usual, in order to avoid meeting the fair Helen, whom he did not have the courage to face. But he had not reckoned on the fact that she had come to the station at the same time, and he wished to avoid him. This was the case, however, and Tom was somewhat startled when he saw her enter the car. There was only one seat vacant, and that was just in front of the unhappy young man. It seemed as though the fates had conspired to bring these two people together. The longer Tom pondered the matter the more he saw the hand of destiny in this matter, and he decided to make one more effort to obtain forgiveness. Reaching for the watch chain, he sent the following message:
"I am awfully sorry I offended you yesterday."
There was no answer, and the young man continued:
"I had no idea you understood me. I unconsciously telegraphed what was passing in my mind."
Still no answer.
"If you will forgive me, I shall be miserable for life."
At last the answer came:
"Please stop. You are attracting everybody's attention."
"Then let me come and tell you how sorry I am."
After a long pause the girl answered, "You may come."
Tom's heart leaped with joy as the watch chain clicked out these words. He lost no time in accepting the invitation, and it was not long before he had persuaded her to forgive his foolish conduct of the day before.
After that he met her every day on the train, and their acquaintance soon ripened into sincere friendship on the part of the young lady. As for Tom, his feelings had long ago got beyond that stage. They talked of many things during their daily rides, and he mentioned to her the episode which had led to their acquaintance.
One day, however, Tom said, "Do you remember the message I sent you by the watch chain?"
"Of course I do," replied his companion, looking out of the window to hide her blushes. "How could I forget such a piece of impertinence?"
"I know it was impertinence and idiotic and all that," replied Tom, "but still it had not been for that I should never have known you. So I am not at all sorry. Are you?"
"How can you ask such a question? Haven't I forgiven you long ago?"
"Yes, but forgiveness is not enough."
"No; I want something more. I—you know—well, the fact is, I—I meant every word of that message, Helen. Tell me, what you can answer me."
Still looking out at the flying landscape, Helen placed her dainty finger on the watch chain.
"Click, click, click, click." Tom's heart was in his throat as he heard the instrument click out her answer, "Yes."
—St. Louis City Journal.

SENATOR H. M. TELLER.

AUTHOR OF THE RESOLUTION WHICH CONGRESS HAS JUST VOTED ON.
A Statesman Who Has Seen a Great Deal of Life in the West and in Washington—An Episode of Vigilante Days—He Was Born in New York State.
No man in the United States stands more prominently in the public gaze at this hour than does Senator Henry M. Teller of Colorado, whose resolution that all United States bonds may be paid in gold or silver at the option of the Government has just been voted on by both the Senate and the House. It is universally admitted that his action in forcing the matter to a vote has done more to clarify the issues which will be discussed in the next campaign than any other one move could have done.
Decidedly the most interesting part of the proceedings of congress during the pendency of the resolution was the speech of Senator Teller, who denounced the leaders of the Republican party for what he termed the manifest insincerity of their professions for international bimetalism. It will be remembered Senator Teller bolted the Republican platform at St. Louis with a minority report in favor of silver. He said in the course of his address that he would permit no man to excel him in honor or good faith.

"I would do nothing," he said, "that would bring about such a condition of affairs as would be disgraceful, whatever the opinion of the Senator from Massachusetts (Hearst) may be of his opinions or convictions. The Massachusetts Senator tried to make it appear that my position was on a parallel with the making of a \$10 piece out of a copper cent. Such a proposition I do not advance and I do not think it would find much support in this or any other legislative body."
Senator Teller received a number of telegrams congratulating him and the silver forces in the senate upon the passage of the Teller resolution. Among the congratulatory messages was one from Hon. W. J. Bryan, which was confined to a mere expression of satisfaction over the result.
Henry M. Teller is a statesman who has traveled and has seen a great deal of life in Washington. He was born in Allegheny County, New York, just sixty-six years ago, and before he had left his native state he was a lawyer. In 1858 he went west and stayed in Illinois for a matter of three years. Then he went further west, and, liking Central City, settled there. Senator Teller never held any office until Colorado was admitted as a state into the Union. He then was made United States senator, and took his seat Dec. 4, 1876. At this time President Arthur made him secretary of the Interior, in which capacity he served until March, 1885. Since that time he has been twice returned to the senate. Mr. Teller was always a strong silver man. A story in point is told of him concerning a little matter that took place in Gilpin County, Colorado, long before he was a Senator. A Mexican had been caught robbing silver boxes on several occasions, and was at last condemned to die in the customary and approved wild western fashion. Mr. Teller was one of the party who assisted the Mexican to the unknown, but, being a deeply religious man, stopped the execution while the rope was about the condemned man's neck and asked the man if he didn't want to say a prayer. The Mexican declined, and so Teller prayed for him. When the execution was finished the silver box robber was killed. Tom Bowen, who was in the crowd, congratulated Teller on the prayer, but added that he was somewhat presumptuous in urging the admission to heaven of a Mexican who was not good enough for Gilpin County. The west has changed, and Mr. Teller is now the dignified representative of a great commonwealth.
It is related that Senator Teller shed real tears when he left the Republican party at the St. Louis Convention. He loves silver, and yet he has few interests in mines, and those are all in gold mines. He has never had much faith in mining investments, and he missed a fortune once because he would not take a part interest in a mining claim as fee in a lawsuit. Teller has a legal mind of great acuteness, and his opinions on file in the Interior Department from the time when he was Secretary are quoted as models of their kind. There hasn't been a finer tribute to a man than the one which the American people paid to Senator Teller when they accepted as disinterested his action in breaking loose from the Republican party eighteen months ago. The members of that party cherish no enemy for him, although he denounces it fiercely on the floor of the Senate. They feel a great deal of personal kindness for him, and they listen to him with respect in spite of the buzz-saw quality of his voice.

CUBAN BLOODHOUNDS

THEY WERE USED IN THE SOUTH TO HUNT RUNAWAY SLAVES.
Gifted With a Remarkable Instinct for Tracking—They Do Not Hay Like the English Hounds—They Are Now Used to Pursue Escaped Convicts.
The first Cuban bloodhounds landed upon this continent were imported two hundred years ago by Spanish planters of Louisiana, then Spanish territory. We all know what the dogs were about 1700. Negroes were cheaper then, and if a slave gave trouble it did not much matter that the bloodhound's hold upon his throat was broken only by the tearing of the flesh and tendons. Many times in those days the fugitive negro did not live after his capture. If he succeeded in gaining a tree, his olive-skinned masters shot him out as they would a squirrel. If on the ground when caught the dogs killed him, sometimes before the arrival of the horsemen, who had ridden hard to be in at the death.
The Cuban hound was a valuable dog and he was well treated. In some of the old court records of Louisiana are bills of sale of him. In instances the prices ran as high as \$500 a pair. The breed spread all through the south, although I have never heard of the dogs being used as man hunters in the upper tier of southern states.
As a matter of course, the planters of this century were careful to protect their slaves as far as possible from attacks by the animals. This was generally easy. The runaway slave invariably made for the swamp at the back of the plantation. It contained many streams and lagoons, which aided him in throwing the dogs off the scent.
The bloodhound is now used only in the pursuit of criminals. Every southern penitentiary has a brace or more of them. They are not infrequently a part of the sheriff's outfit. The breed is not always pure, but the dogs serve their purpose better than fairly well. Their keenness of scent is one of the most remarkable things in nature, though it is of value chiefly in the more thinly settled regions. It seems incredible that the mere temporary pressure of a man's boot or shoe upon the ground should leave a traceable scent for twenty-four hours, providing that there has been no rain, but there is no doubt that it does. Sometimes in the south a murderer breaks jail. Until the universal introduction of chilled steel cages this was not a difficult matter. Dogs are telegraphed for at a glance, probably of 150 miles. They arrive a day after the escape. They are led in leash to the point where the criminal is supposed to have made his exit and uncoupled. They take up the scent instantly and follow it rapidly. The man must have crossed much water or confused his trail with the hurrying footsteps of dozens of others to throw them off. Always supposing that twenty-four hours is the extreme limit of "law" allowed the fugitive, the bloodhounds are the best means of effecting his capture. Having far to travel, they do not bay. They have no breath to waste.
The English bloodhound, or the bloodhound of the continent for that matter, not only bays, but has a remarkable sonorous and beautiful voice. He "opens," as it is technically termed, upon a cold trail and keeps it up until the quarry is sighted or run down.
He is of great size, with deep chest, powerful shoulders, massive head, drooping jaws and long ears, a remarkably sagacious and affectionate animal, courageous, though not especially savage, and one of the best friends man ever had. This hound is known in the old prints as the "sleuth" hound, or "sleuth" or "sleut"—otherwise "trail"—of the deer. He is called the bloodhound, not because he is particularly fond of blood as a matter of diet, but because, having once found the blood-trail of a wounded animal, he follows it with wonderful stanchness.
The English bloodhound is not used in the south. The dog there is the Cuban bloodhound. He differs materially from his English cousin. He is larger, fiercer and swifter, with more of a bulldog cut about the head. He is probably a descendant of a bull cross. He is invariably mute until his quarry is sighted. Almost any dog will give tongue when he comes within view of the object of his pursuit after a long chase. This dog is not a snapper, as is the English. He is a pinning dog, which comes probably from his bull strain. Once his teeth are locked, they can be disengaged only by the ingenious method of grasping his nostrils and shutting off his breath.
Camphor Trees in Florida.
Of a number of camphor trees set out in a public park in Talahassee, Fla., a few years ago, some are now twelve feet high, the branches spreading until the trees are nearly as wide as high. A number of these trees are to be seen in private yards in that city, and their vigorous growth shows them to be adapted to the soil and climate of that section.
Cotton Seed Industry.
Cotton seed oil was made as far back as 1785, though not commercially. In 1855 L. Klapp invented a decorticating machine which stripped the seeds; after that, the pressing out of the oil was simple, and the manufacture became of commercial importance. The oil is used to adulterate olive (linseed, sperm, tallow, olive) as a substitute for butter, in soap making, leather and wool dressing and in other similar work.

For Sale.
\$250.00 Will buy a neat dwelling on Twenty-third street containing four rooms. Terms, \$100 cash and balance in monthly payments of \$10.
\$1,300 Will buy a store with seven rooms above, now renting for \$20 per month, located on Rancho avenue. Terms, \$500 cash and balance to suit purchaser.
\$1,200 Will buy a neat dwelling containing five rooms on Forty-fourth street. Terms, one-half cash, balance on accommodation terms.
\$7,500 Will buy a nice press brick front house on Washington avenue, in the heart of the city, containing three stories and half of twenty-four rooms above. This building is renting for \$180 per month. Terms, \$2,500 cash, balance to suit purchaser.
\$30,000 Will buy a three-story press brick front building on Washington avenue, which rents for \$250 per month. Terms, one-fourth cash, balance on one, two, three, four and five years.
For Rent.
Dwellings—
No. 115 22nd Street, 8-rooms, \$12.50
No. 1039 21st Street, 6-rooms, \$12.50
New, 6-room 34th st., near Warwick ave. \$15.00
FLATS
3098 Washington avenue, \$25.00
1036 26th street, \$10.00
28th street and Virginia ave., \$10.00
THOS. B. HENLEY & CO
Real Estate and Insurance.
2700 Washington avenue, NEWPORT NEWS, VA.